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VOL. 43—No. 7.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

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NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS, Director, Prof. WYLDE, Mus. Doc. 14th season. Dates of Concerts:—Wednesday evenings, April 5th, 26th; May 10th, 24th; June 14th. Dates of public rehearsals:—Saturday afternoons, April 1st, 22d; May 6th, 20th; June 10th. Subscription for season tickets:—£2 2s. for sofa stalls, or first row balcony; £1 1s. 6d. second row balcony. The following artists have been engaged at these concerts, many of whom, with others who may arrive in London, will appear during the season:—Vocalists, Miles. Titiens, Carlotta Patti, Lemmens Sherrington, Louisa Pyne, Lagrara, Parupa, Fioretti, Alboni, Trebelli, M.M. Giuglini, Wachtel, Naudin, Tamberlik, Bellotti, Ronconi, Graziana, Santley, Reuwick, Ciampi. Pianists, Arabella Goddard, Reumann, Pleyel, Clauss, Molique, John Barnett, Rubinstein, Hallé, Jaell, Lubeck. Violinists, Joachim, Sivori, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, Lauterbach. For season tickets apply to Graeff Nicholls, Esq., 33, Argyll-street, W.; to the music sellers; or to Austin's office, St. James's-hall.

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SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—EXETER HALL. Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—Friday next, Feb. 24, HANDEL'S ISRAEL IN EGYPT. Subscription Concert. Principal Vocalists, Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Patey.—Tickets 3s., 5s., and Stalls 10s. 6d. each.—Office, 6, Exeter Hall.

MADLLE. LINAS MARTORELLE begs to announce her removal to No. 3, Old Quebec Street, Hyde Park, where all Communications may be addressed.

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MISS MADELINE SCHILLER begs to inform her friends and pupils that she has removed to 20A, Princes Square, Hyde Park, W

MISS FANNY ARMYTAGE will sing at Northampton! February 21st; Oxford, 23rd; and at the Crystal Palace, 28th.

MRS. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS' SOIREES for the practice of Vocal Concerted Music have recommenced at her residence, 50, Bedford Square. The next Soirée will take place on Thursday, Feb. 23.

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THE PERSONAL RELATIONS OF GREAT MASTERS TO EACH OTHER.*

Artists pass generally for egotists. To a certain degree they must be so, as far at least as regards adherence to, and unconditional prosecution of, their respective artistic views. The self-feeling of an inward mission may, however, prove a mistake; it may, as is frequently the case with persons of mediocre talent, overvalue itself. But where it has led, by ordeals and work, to conviction, fidelity to this conviction, even when mistaken, is not only worthy of respect but necessary, because without it nothing original and nothing great can be created in art. Thus fidelity to their convictions and egotism are often confounded in the case of artists, and characterize, in more or less glaring forms, their relations with their contemporaries and colleagues. The world is, unfortunately, but too ready to ascribe base motives, such as envy and jealousy, to the actions arising from this source, and, because tittle-tattle is always welcome to the masses, and mediocrity invariably delights at being able to say something in disparagement of distinguished men, tales and anecdotes having this effect are propagated from generation to generation, and many persons who do not even know the productions of a great artist, to say nothing of their never endeavouring to become acquainted with the spirit reigning in those productions, are sure to remember, should they have heard or read it anywhere, that he could not bear this or that contemporary, a fact which is then accepted by them as a sufficient characteristic of the man.

That the professors of music (composers and virtuosos), and those of the dramatic art (operatic singers and performers of the spoken drama) are reproached more than the members of any of the other branches of art with impatient and envious egotism, is a certain fact, and, as a rule, the charge is not, after all, unfounded. We have not many examples of composers expressing themselves concerning a rival to their fame as Haydn did concerning Mozart, when the Estates of Prague asked him to write an opera for their Theatre. He declined complying with their request, and wrote thus: "You have the great Mozart. Could I impress upon the soul of every lover of music, but especially of the Great, as profound an appreciation, as much musical comprehension, and as great a love of Mozart's incomparable labours as I myself feel, *nations would vie with each other for the possession of such a treasure*. Let Prague hold fast to the dear man, but let her also reward him, for without this the history of great geniuses is a sad one, and this is the reason why so many men of promising genius succumb. It makes me angry to think that a man standing alone like Mozart is *not yet engaged at some Imperial or Royal Court!*"† How often, in the contrary case, ought our indignation to have been excited, and to be so, still, on seeing at present every one consider himself, as a rule, the very best person for filling every post!

The greater, therefore, is the obligation we are under of making a stand against the calumnies—which have become traditional—asserted against great composers in their personal relations to each other. To the category of stories believed without investigation belongs, for instance, among others, the story of the misunderstanding between Carl Maria von Weber and Beethoven. Weber is certainly not quite innocent of having given rise to this legend, since he was guilty of a youthful offence against the *Sinfonia Eroica*, which he handled rather roughly in a kind of humorous account of a journey. This was, indeed, incomprehensible in so highly gifted, though young, a composer as Weber, but he was excited probably only by a desire to be smart, and soon manifested in so plain a manner his high admiration of Beethoven, that we perceive how much he regretted his youthful indiscretion. As we have already said, what was bad in his conduct, however, went on increasing by report, while what was good was made known to no one, or, if known, disregarded and forgotten. What was good was as follows:—

Scarcely was Wilhelmine Schröder engaged at Dresden through the instrumentality of Weber, when the latter urged the production of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which, by the way, he had already brought out at Prague. He put himself, accordingly, in communication with Beethoven, to whom, as his diary proves, he wrote

concerning that work, on the 28th January, 18th February, 7th April, and 5th June, 1823, receiving letters from him on the 16th February, 10th April, and 9th June. To the great loss of art, all trace of this correspondence between two masters of the first rank, concerning a work of the greatest importance, has disappeared through the carelessness of those entrusted with the preservation of Weber's papers. Only a fragment, the beginning of Weber's first letter to Beethoven (of the 28th January) remains in the rough draught. These few lines are, however, sufficient to exhibit in the most charming manner one of the noblest traits of Weber's heart, his childlike, unenvious admiration of what was great, and his high veneration for the first of German composers. He writes as follows:—

"The production of this work, a mighty testimony of German greatness and of depth of feeling, under my direction in Prague afforded me an intimate knowledge, as inspiring as instructive, of its inward nature and, with the help of that knowledge, I trust, assisted by every possible resource, to be able to introduce it, in all its effectiveness, to the public here also. Every performance will be a festival at which I shall be permitted to offer your lofty mind the homage existing for you in my inmost heart, where veneration and love struggle for the mastery."

The great master, not insensible to such genuine admiration, appears to have answered Weber in as friendly a manner as it was possible for him to do, for there resulted from this correspondence such friendly relations between the two, that the rough Beethoven, who was incapable of aught approaching hypocrisy, could, in a letter of the 17th July, 1823, addressed to Könnertitz, and containing a receipt for the forty ducats he received for *Fidelio*, employ the words—"according to the description of my dear friend, Maria Weber," &c. These friendly relations were still more consecrated and cemented by the personal acquaintanceship of the two composers. All the stories told by Schindler and others, about antipathy, nay, differences between Beethoven and Weber are consequently maliciously or unconsciously invented fables.

Weber received the score of *Fidelio* from Beethoven himself, on the 10th April, and produced the opera on the 29th, with Wilhelmine Schröder, in the part of the heroine, after fourteen rehearsals, conducted with the greatest care. The fair young singer surpassed the expectations formed even of the daughter of the Schröder. Though she was then far from giving the grandiose picture—distinguished for such genuine artistic finish—of the heroic wife, which we all so often admired, still she contributed essentially to the immense success of the opera.*

When Weber afterwards, late in the summer of 1823, went to Vienna, for the production of his *Euryanthe*, he was told that Beethoven had said to Steiner, the music-publisher: "I am glad that you publish a German work again. I have heard a great deal of good of Weber's opera. I hope it will produce him and you abundance of money and honour." When Weber's *Freischütz* was making the great sensation it did, Beethoven read the score through, and said in the presence of some of his friends:

"What an idea! I should never have believed it of the little man, who is generally so mild! Weber must now write operas; regular operas; one after another, and without bestowing too much trouble on them! Caspar, the monster, stands out like a house. Whenever the Devil puts his claws in the business, you feel them, and no mistake!"

On being reminded by some person present of the second finale, and of the previously unknown musical effects it contained, he said:

"Yes, that is certainly true; but it has a strange effect on me. I certainly see what Weber means, but he has put in some devilishly queer stuff! When I read it—for instance the part with the wild Huntsmen—I am compelled to laugh—yet there is no doubt it is the right thing."

Having got Haslinger previously to announce his coming, Weber drove with him and Benedict, on the 5th October, to Baden, where Beethoven resided. The three men were moved, on entering the desolate and almost poverty-stricken room inhabited by the great Ludwig. It was in the utmost disorder. Music, money, and wearing apparel were strewn upon the floor, while linen was heaped upon the dirty bed; the open grand piano was covered with thick dust, and some broken coffee-things stood upon the table. Beethoven advanced to meet them. Benedict says:

"It was thus that Lear or the Ossianic Bards must have looked. The hair was thick, grey, and standing up; in some places, however, it was quite

* From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

† Gerber, *Neues Lexicon*, II, p. 355.

* C. M. von Weber. *Ein Lebensbild*. Vol. II, p. 465.

white; the forehead and skull were wonderfully broad, arched and lofty, like a temple; the nose was square like that of a lion; the mouth was nobly formed and soft; the chin was broad, with those wonderful folds, depicted in all the portraits of him, and formed of two maxillary bones, which seemed to have been made on purpose to crack the hardest nuts. Over his broad, pock-marked face was spread a dark red tinge; beneath his bushy eye brows, sternly contracted, small, sparkling eyes gleamed mildly on us as we entered; the Cyclopean square-built form, only a little taller, however, than Weber's, was clad in a shabby dressing-gown, torn at the elbows."

Beethoven recognised Weber before the latter was named, and, folding him in his arms, exclaimed: "So here you are, eh? You are a devil of a fellow, that you are! May Heaven bless you!" He then immediately handed him the celebrated tablets, and a conversation sprang up, during which Beethoven first flung the music off the sofa, and then, without any ceremony, dressed himself in the presence of his visitors to go out. Beethoven complained bitterly of his position; abused the managers of the theatre; the getters-up of concerts; the public; the Italians; public taste; but more especially the ingratitude of his Nephew. Weber, who was deeply moved, advised him to tear himself away from such a disgusting and discouraging state of things, and make a professional tour through Germany, when he would see what the world thought of him.—"Too late!" exclaimed Beethoven, going through the pantomime of playing the piano, and shaking his head. "Then go to England, a country which admires you," wrote Weber. "Too late" hallooed Beethoven, seizing Weber demonstratively under the arms, and dragging him off to the "Sauerhof," where he used to dine. Beethoven was here all cordiality and warmth towards Weber. The latter writes:—

"—We spent the middle of the day with each other, very merry and well-pleased. This rough, forbidding man absolutely paid court to me, waiting on me at dinner with as much attention as if I had been his lady. In short, this day will always be a memorable one for me as well as for every one else present. I felt it a peculiar distinction to be overwhelmed with such affectionate respect by a man of so great a mind," &c.

Beethoven turned the conversation to *Euryanthe*, but Weber avoided the subject. Hereupon Beethoven said to Haslinger, across the table: "What sort of a libretto is it?" and, while Weber was writing down: "Very respectable; full of fine passages," Beethoven, who had seen Haslinger shake his head, burst out into a laugh and exclaimed: "The old story over again! German authors cannot knock up a good libretto!" "How about *Fidelio*?" wrote Weber. "That was originally French," said Beethoven, "translated first into Italian and then into German." "And which libretto do you consider the best?" enquired Weber. "*Vestalin* and *Wasserträger*" (*Les deux Journées*), exclaimed Beethoven at once.

When his visitors were about to leave, Beethoven embraced and kissed Weber several times, and held the latter's small hand in his own fist, exclaiming: "Success to the new opera. If I can, I will come to the first performance!" Weber returned to Vienna deeply moved and edified.

Unfortunately, owing to the propagation of certain gossiping stories, among which Weber's youthful offence, of which Beethoven appears previously to have known nothing, against the *Eroica*, was used against him, the intercourse of the two great men was so far broken off that they no longer corresponded. Never, however, did they in any way run counter to each other.*

* C. M. von Weber, by Max von Weber. Vol. II, p. 509.

LEIPZIG.—On the 14th January, the Arion Vocal Association celebrated the sixteenth anniversary of its foundation, on which occasion the following was the programme: Hymn for Male Voices (solo and chorus), with accompaniment of brass instruments, Albert Trottmann (new-third movement); "Seele, was betrübst du dich?" (Oser), Richard Müller; Recitation: "Nordsturm" (Oser), M. Hauptmann; "Die Drei Worte des Glaubens" (Schiller), posthumous MS., C. Zöllner; "Nachtgesang in Walde," for male chorus with horn accompaniment, Fr. Schubert; "Mein Heimatsthal" (Jul. Sturm), dedicated to the Association by Wilhelm Tschirch; "Morgenwanderung" (Geibel), E. Lassen; Recitation: "Teuer her!" (R. Reinick), C. Reinecke; "Wir sind die Könige der Welt" (Stäcke), C. Zöllner. It was the first time any of the above works had been sung by the Association.—Madlle. Metzdriff, of the Royal Operahouse, Berlin, sang at a recent concert of the Euterpe Association, and was exceedingly successful.

BEETHOVEN AND THE VARIOUS EDITIONS OF HIS WORKS.

Beethoven's Works in the Edition published by BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL.

By OTTO JAHN.*

(Continued from Page 81.)

The *Thematic Catalogue* of all the published Works of Ludwig van Beethoven (Leipsic, 1851), if somewhat attentively examined, will alone be sufficient to convey an idea of the extent of a collective edition, as well as of the manifold difficulties to be overcome. Of a truth, the task of carrying out such an edition requires means and vigour, no less than prudence and strength of will, in no ordinary degree. In November, 1861, when the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel issued the advertisement and prospectus of the first complete edition, authorised everywhere, of the works of Ludwig van Beethoven, the public were justified in expecting a publication in every respect well-prepared and promising to prove a certain success; at present, when after the lapse of fully two years, nearly the whole of the toilsome journey has been performed, a somewhat more minute examination of what was promised and what has been effected enables us to see clearly the highly gratifying results which have been obtained, by means of this edition, for the musical public.

That this edition is one which can be distinguished as "authorised everywhere" is a fact that may be regarded as one which concerns the publisher more than it interests the public. The latter do not generally enquire into the former's right, because they consider themselves justified in assuming it as a matter of course; but however confused people's ideas may be about the system of piracy—which, in the case of music at the present day we hear actually extolled as a patriotic and meritorious act, as it once was in the case of books—it yet will be satisfactory to every person not to have his interest in a grand and important enterprise diminished by any doubts as to the just basis of it. The difficulties—and it is but fair we should take this into consideration—were, it is true, considerably increased by the fact that, in the first instance, an agreement had to be concluded with a large number of publishers. Even a person not intimately acquainted with the wonderfully intricate circumstances connected with the publishing laws, and not aware how, at various times and in various places, they have become rather more complicated than the contrary, need only cast a glance over the numerous publishers of Beethoven's works, as exhibited in the *Thematic Catalogue*, to perceive that it is frequently a matter of difficulty to know where the right of publication really exists. It certainly needed no slight amount of investigation and negotiations, as well as a great deal of accommodating spirit, to satisfy all claims, and we have reason to rejoice that it has been possible—and it is especially difficult to do such a thing in Germany—to obtain for a great enterprise of general interest, not to be carried out without compromise, the adhesion of so many individuals concerned, each of them exercising sovereign power in his own sphere.

The question of completeness is naturally of the greatest importance. Appended to the prospectus is a list of those compositions which, having been already published, are available for, and will accordingly be included in, the new edition. This list displays in four-and-twenty series a stately row of two hundred and sixty pieces, some of considerable importance. Whatever is to be added in the way of unpublished works is, at present, a matter for more searching investigation and for negotiation. One thing, however, may be asserted with all certainty, namely, that all Beethoven's unpublished compositions put together constitute but a small number compared to those already known, and, moreover, that among them there are only a few of such importance for their publication possibly to add any essentially new and original traits to the already complete picture of the great master. That this is the reverse to what is the case with the old masters, whose unpublished works greatly predominate over their published works, is a fact that ought not to astonish us. It was a consequence of Beethoven's nature as an artist as well as of his position, that, on the one hand, he did not write as much as they did, and it resulted, on the other, as a matter of course, from his position towards the public and the extension given to the music-trade, that whatever he did write was at once engraved. It may, indeed, be asserted

* Translated, by J. V. BRIDGEMAN, from the original in *Die Grenzboten*.

without hesitation that the compositions which distinguish Beethoven as a composer, and form the basis of his position with the public, were given to the world during his lifetime.

The most important of Beethoven's yet unpublished works, and one which has justly been already included in the catalogue as certain to appear with the published ones, is *Ungarns erster Wolthäter, Hungary's first Benefactor* (King Stephen), an introductory piece, with chorus, by Kotzebue. It was produced, with *Die Ruinen von Athen*, at the opening of the new theatre in Pesth, on the 9th February, 1812. The overture alone subsequently became known; the beautiful choruses, several of which are for male voices, and a long and interesting melodramatic scene, afford fresh proofs of Beethoven's mastery in dramatic characterization, by means of especially original coloring, a mastery so astoundingly prominent in *Die Ruinen von Athen* also. In the autumn of 1822, when the music to *Die Ruinen von Athen* was performed with new words, by C. Meisl, at the inauguration of the Theatre in the Josephstadt, Beethoven composed, in addition to an overture, which was printed at the time, and has since become very well known (Op. 124), a grand "Chorus with Ballet," never published. Another chorus, too, "Ihr weisen Gründer," composed, in the autumn of 1814, for a patriotic drama, has never been published.

There exists, also, for orchestra, a fine "Interlude," in the style of a march, very characteristically treated, and evidently intended for some particular piece, perhaps Kuffner's tragedy of *Tarpeia*, for which Beethoven composed the "Triumphal March," already engraved.

There are a number of dances and marches, most of the last composed, on various occasions, in Baden, at the request of the Arch-Duke Anton; but they are of little importance.

Very remarkable, however, are three pieces composed for a patriotic drama, *Leonore Prohaska*, laid in the time of the War of Deliverance. They consist of a chorus of soldiers, a romance, and a melodrama with harmonica accompaniment, unfortunately, like the rest, extremely short.

Of little importance, on the other hand, are certain occasional pieces: a "Marriage Song" for Gianastasio del Rio, of January, 1819, and, of an earlier date, a very merry "Italian Cantata," with pianoforte accompaniment, for the birthday of his doctor, Malfatti, as well as a "Farewell Cantata," for three male voices, in honor of a friend, Herr Tuscher, a *Magistratsrath*. Their publication would simply prove, what is already so well known, that Beethoven was not happy as a writer of occasional pieces, in so far as the mere absolute occasion did not suffice either to inspire him, or render his task an easy one. It is worthy of notice that for these pieces, not very edifying either in purport, form, or extent, he put down a mass of plans and sketches, just as for his great works. On the other hand, it is characteristic that the beautiful and deeply feeling "Elegischer Gesang" (Op. 118), in honor of the "transfigured wife of his respected friend, Pasqualati," was written at the same time, the year 1814, as the above occasional pieces, from which it differs, however, so much, because when Beethoven composed it his heart was in his work.

(To be continued.)

LIST OF NEW OPERAS

Produced in Italy during the year 1864.

No.	Title.	Composer.	Where first performed.
1.	Roderigo	Pouchielli.....	Piacenza
2.	Venceslao	Bickling.....	Teramo
3.	Il Rinegato	Bazzoni.....	Turin
4.	Contessa d'Amalfi	Petrella.....	"
5.	L'albergo dell'allegria	Lombardine	Naples
6.	Il bosco di Dafne	De Giosa	"
7.	Lastella di Toledo	Benvenuti.....	Milan
8.	Michele Perrin	Cagnoni.....	"
9.	Nicolo de' Lapi	Rossi.....	Ancona
10.	I Batavi	Tarbi	Florence
11.	L'eredità	Usiglio	Milan
12.	I due Italiani	Tamburini.....	"
13.	Lucinda	Grocchi.....	Naples
14.	Maria de' Grifi	Petràli	Bergamo
15.	Cuore di marmo	Dessy.....	Cagliari
16.	Lemorie del Diavolo	Sozzi.....	Milan
17.	Roberto di Normandia	Cordiali and Derina	Verulli

ITALIAN MUSICAL AFFAIRS.

(From our own correspondent.)

GENOA, FEB. 4TH.

Considering that during the Carnival there are no less than eighty-four theatres in Italy open for the performance of opera, it would be no easy task to give detailed accounts of even such as claim to be *di cartello*, or, in plain English, "above mediocrity;" neither am I at all sure that such accounts would have the slightest interest for the readers of the *Musical World*, since, so far as I have had an opportunity of judging, the quality is by no means on a par with the quantity. For some time, now, I have been wandering about, from city to town, and from town to village, for here in Italy, during the Carnival, even large villages have their opera. I have heard a super-abundance of Verdi, and very little of either Rossini, Bellini, or Donizetti, numberless squalling *prime donne*, a quantity of *tenori robusti*, who seem now to be as plentiful as blackberries, and who, to judge by the applause lavished on them, are the favorites with uneducated audiences; and a certain number of very fair baritones, the preponderance of really good voices decidedly falling to these last, whose principal failing, however, is to roar. In a word, I have heard an immense deal of what was not worth hearing, and therefore not worth recording, though at the same time I must acknowledge that some performances which I have attended and a few singers whom I have heard, I have listened to with pleasure and more-over think them worthy of notice. I will, therefore, first give a list of the various operas with which the eighty-four theatres in Italy commenced this Carnival season, whereby some idea may be formed as to the amount of popularity in which certain operas and composers are held at the present time, and I will then proceed to give a few particulars of what I consider most deserving of mention. The Scala of Milan and the Pergola of Florence opened with Petrella's *Contessa d'Amalfi*, the Regio of Turin with Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*, the Carlo Felice of Genoa with Ferrari's *Ultimi giorni di Suhi*, Parma with *Guglielmo Tell*, the Apollo of Rome with a new opera by a Maestra Secchi (the Government having prohibited the *Due Foscari*) and Bologna with *Il Barbiero*. Eleven theatres commenced the season with *Il Ballo in Maschera*, two with Cagnoni's *Michele Perrin*, one with *Romeo and Juliet*, one with *Don Bucefalo*, one with *Attila*, two with *Vittor Pisani*, one with *Marino Faliero*, five with *La Traviata*, nine with *La Favorita*, four with *I Lombardi*, one with *Maria di Rohan*, one with *Scaramuccia*, four with *Rigoletto*, four with *I Due Foscari*, one with *Aroldo*, (the least known of Verdi) one with *I Capri Siciliani*, two with *Ernani*, one with *Lucia*, seven with Pedrotti's *Tutti in Maschera*, (one of the most charming little operas ever written, and which seems to enjoy a popularity almost equal to that of *Il Ballo in Maschera*) three with *Il Trovatore*, one with *Robert le Diable*, one with *Poliuto*, two with Mercadante's *Leonora*, one with *Roberto Devereux*, and ten with operas by composers of no reputation. Four years ago 15 theatres opened with *Il Trovatore* and 23 with *La Traviata*, but by the above list it will be seen that this year there is an improvement upon that, which was undoubtedly a proof of the degenerated state of musical taste in Italy, though even this year Verdi was represented in no less than 37 theatres, while the ever fresh melodies of Rossini were heard in only two towns, and Meyerbeer, one of the most distinguished composers of modern operatic music, held possession of but one solitary theatre, his *Robert* being given at Pisa, about the most miserable theatre in Italy, with a band and chorus, the execrable of which is not easily surpassed, although when I had the misfortune of being there it was at least equalled by that of the principal singers. Speaking of execrable performances, brings to my mind most forcibly such as are at times presented to English audiences in small country towns, and such as it has been my lot, more than once, to attend, for the very worst that are offered to the musical public of Italian villages for the small sum of twenty-eight centimes are immeasurably superior to those to which I refer. Acknowledging that England can boast of an opera, which, whether judged by its principal singers, by the magnificence with which everything is placed on the stage, or by its unrivalled band and chorus, is second to no other in the world, still I am bound to admit that at times in England operatic performances are given and patronised, which would not be tolerated in any other country. Without making more than a passing allusion to the half-dozen opera companies which used to go the round of the provinces, their *prime donne*, tenors and basses being selected from the ranks of those chorus singers, who were, for the time being, out of engagements, and their band and chorus numbering, in the bills, twenty performers, but in reality, the former consisting of a couple of fiddles, a piano out of tune, and a drum (this last being most obligingly provided for the especial delectation of the "outsiders," by whom, I mean those who, not having the wherewithal to gain admission to the building—often a Dissenters' meeting-house, doing temporary duty as a theatre—enjoyed the opera or rather the "uproar," under the windows, gratis, all for nothing), and the latter, the chorus, composed of two men, a woman, and a child. Without questioning the usefulness of these companies, who doubtless,

afforded unbounded delight to those of our poor country cousins who had no more intimate acquaintance with a real opera than what can be acquired through the newspapers or through the coloured illustrations which adorn the title-page of the popular songs of the popular operas of the day, I cannot refrain from calling the attention of your readers to a series of performances which came under my notice, and which were certainly a disgrace to all engaged therein. Some few years ago, a certain gentleman with his wife, who shall be nameless, together with a male and female chorus singer, and accompanied on a piano by a young lady, went the round of a number of small towns in the north of England; and in the parish school-rooms, without stage or scenery, or any of those adjuncts which are generally considered indispensable to the performance of operas, and without any further assistance than that of the two chorus singers and the pianoforte-playing young lady above mentioned, "did," which means "murdered," some of the finest productions of the modern school. When I state that in the *Trovatore* the lady sustained both the female parts during the first three acts, and that in the fourth, when Leonora and Azucena are both "en scène" at the same time, the managers of this creditable concern, remembering the plan usually adopted at whist when there are but three players, and doubtless not perceiving the difference between playing at cards and playing at performing operas, actually had a dummy laid on one of the school forms to represent the *Trovatore's* "tenera madre," moreover when I affirm that the gentleman sang the introductory air to an imaginary crowd of followers,—the male and female chorus singers being out of sight, whether from having no suitable attire in which to appear, or that it was thought that a "man and a maid" as the sum total of the Count di Luna's retinue, would not be likely to give the audience an idea of his lordship's greatness, I know not,—and when, in addition to what I have mentioned are taken into consideration the various drawbacks which must have necessarily occurred in the course of an opera given under such disadvantages, I think that the readers of the *Musical World* will agree with me that an Act of Parliament ought to be passed prohibiting persons getting up such disreputable entertainments. But "revenons à nos moutons." Of the operas by unknown composers with which the remaining ten theatres commenced this Carnival season, I have nothing to say excepting that *Robert le Diable*, with which the season was inaugurated at Vercelli, was not Meyerbeer's, but the joint production of Signors Cordiali and Derina. It was a bold step on the part of Signor Verdi, when he wrote his "*Ballo in Maschera*," the same subject having been already successfully treated by the most popular of French composers, but Verdi being a genius and having taken greater pains with this opera than was his wont, in a measure, silenced those who are ever ready to make "odious comparisons." It was still bolder of a Mr. Capes, who, some few years ago produced an Oratorio entitled "*Moses*," in a small town in the west of England—for it was impossible, when listening to the treatment of certain subjects, to forget, that once upon a time there lived a Handel; but it seems to me that Signors Cordiali and Derina, are far more bold than either Signor Verdi or Mr. Capes, in laying their first attempt open to a comparison with one of the greatest productions of one of the most talented composers of this century—an opera, which, before it was two years old, had been given in 164 theatres. As yet, I have not heard the result of the combined efforts of these two youthful aspirants to fame, but if I should have an opportunity of hearing *Robert No. 2*, I will at once inform you whether, this being the season for wonderful "transformations," the two little composers have contrived to transform themselves into one great one.

(To be Continued.)

MR. & MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The entertainment at the Gallery of Illustration, consisting of *The Rival Composers* and *The Bard and his Birthday*, is about to be withdrawn for a novelty from the pen of the same author, Mr. William Brough. *The Soldier's Legacy* and *Too Many Cooks* continue to be represented every Tuesday and Thursday Morning. *Jessy Lea*, or the *Sleeping Queen*, with *Too many Cooks*, will in future be represented every Saturday Evening, without interfering with the Opera *Matinées* on Tuesday and Thursday.

LISBON.—A new concert room has been opened under the name of the "Salle Meyerbeer."

HAMBURG.—Herr Max Bruch's opera, *Lorelei*, has been produced, but its success has not been as great as was expected.

COLOGNE.—Herr Charles Oberthür played, on the 9th, before a select circle of private friends, a Concertino, of his own composition, for Harp and Orchestra, or Piano (Op. 175), and two "Salonstücke" for the harp alone. He was greatly applauded.

PESTH.—A national Conservatory for the education of singers and actors has just been founded with an annual grant of 6600 thalers from the Emperor. The director is Count Leo Festetic, a great patron of art.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Mr. Frederick Clay's *Constance* has been withdrawn—not on account of any demerits of its own, but to enable the management to bring out another new operetta in one act during the run of the pantomime. In taking leave of Mr. Clay's work for the present, it is only just to compliment him on the marked improvement it evinces. The distinction which some would fain establish between amateurs and professors only holds good where professors study their art with zealous earnestness, and exhibit a marked superiority. Unhappily these conditions are not so often found realized as might be wished; and so long as professors, whether from choice or from necessity, devote their time exclusively to teaching, it is difficult to explain in what they are better off than amateurs, whose days are given to other pursuits than the study and practice of music. Indeed, in many instances, the amateur enjoys the fairest chance—not merely because he has ordinarily more leisure at his disposal, but also because music with him not being the absorbing business of the day, he reverts to it at night with undeadened sense, as to a fresh, and therefore agreeable occupation. These remarks are of course only intended to apply to amateurs who make art a study, not a pastime; and that Mr. Frederick Clay is one of the class would appear from the fact that he steadily progresses. *Constance*, though with no pretensions to be regarded as anything else than an opusculum, contains some really graceful thoughts, and, moreover, here and there, unmistakable indications of a dramatic talent that time may develop into something better. Of the first, the expressive ballad of the heroine, "I have plighted my troth" (so well sung by Mdlle. Martorelle), may be cited as a fair instance; of the last, the comic trio, for Stanislas, Carlitz, and Rat-ta-taff—"Your kindness, Sir."

Mr. Frank Mori's new operetta, *The River Sprite*, now occupies the place of *Constance* as *lever de rideau*. This was composed three years ago for the Pyne and Harrison company, but, owing to some unexplained circumstances, was never produced. The libretto (by Mr. George Linley) is borrowed from a French vaudeville called *L'Ondine et le Pêcheur*. The "Ondine," or Water Sprite, is Louise Kervan (Madame Lancia), a pupil of the Conservatory at Nantes. To avoid the addresses of Enguerrand (Mr. C. Lyall), an unfavored suitor, she has run away from the Conservatory and taken up her residence with her uncle, Cadiou (Mr. Dussek), at an inn near the banks of the Loire. As she wanders along by the river side Louise amuses herself with singing in a style quite strange to the rustics of the district, who, hearing the song without seeing the siren, imagines that it proceeds from the throat of an ondine, or river-fish, gifted with miraculous vocal powers. The assiduities of Enguerrand were not, however, the sole cause of Louise's flight. Vows of mutual love had been exchanged between her and Victor (Mr. Perren), a young fellow-student in the Conservatory; but, through the false allegations of one Valérie, who is jealous of her superior vocal powers, Louise is made to doubt Victor's fidelity, while, on the other hand, Victor is persuaded, through the same agency, that Louise prefers another and a richer suitor. Everything is eventually cleared up by the opportune arrival of St. Esteve (Mr. Aynsley Cook), manager of the Nantes Theatre. St. Esteve, who has engaged Victor as his tenor, is in search of a *prima donna*. How the strains of the invisible siren (whose chronic invisibility, by the way, is not very intelligible), overheard both by manager and tenor, are the means of conducting them to Uncle Cadiou's inn, as well as Enguerrand himself (conveniently shooting in the neighbourhood), and by what means, when Louise and Victor confront each other, matters are cleared up, suspicions set at rest, Enguerrand discomfited, and the manager of Nantes furnished with a *prima donna*, in the person of the supposititious River Sprite, must be left to the reader's imagination, which will be able to grasp all without any extraordinary stretch. There are other characters, and among the rest a fisherman called Poulguen (Mr. Weise), who, though he has really nothing to do with the plot, is welcome as bringing forward an excellent singer with a song *par-devers le marché*,—like Sir Harry, in the *School for Scandal*.

The music of Mr. Frank Mori—whose *cantata*, entitled *Fridolin*, was performed with great success at the Worcester Festival of 1851, and who is known to the musical world as an eminent teacher of singing and composer of many popular songs—does not require detailed analysis. It possesses a merit too rarely observable now-a-days—that of continuity of style. True the style is the style of the French Opéra-Comique, as represented by the defunct Adolphe Adam, the living Albert Grisar, &c.; but it is as well preserved as it is marked. The overture (in our opinion the least meritorious piece in the work) at once declares the style of Mr. Mori's adoption, from which he never swerves, and which gives a unity to his music quite grateful to the critical ear. There are many pretty things in the *River Sprite*, and one or two even more than pretty. The first scene, opening with a chorus the rhythmical turn of which must strike by its frankness, is treated throughout in the "concerted" manner, and though a little fragmentary, and here and there conjuring up a "reminiscence," is sustained with spirit to

the end. This includes Pouliguen's song—a legend of the River Sprite; the strain of the siren—first heard at the commencement of the overture and afterwards frequently recurring; and a lively drinking chorus—"Come fill up one cup." There is character, too, in the first song of Louise—"When along the road I ride," the whipping refrain to which (no allusion is intended to the melody itself) will recall a similar device for "effect" in Mr. Balfe's *Rose of Castille*. Much more ambitious is the grand air that follows—the real song of the siren, consisting of recitative, slow movement, and *allegro*, with a florid and brilliant *coda*. All this is well written and effective: and we may here stop to notice the singular improvement exhibited by Madame Florence Lancia, who, throwing off that nervous timidity which has too frequently paralyzed her efforts, sings with a justness of intonation and a finished execution that leave nothing to wish. This lady's voice is not by any means rich in quality or volume, but it is sweet-toned throughout, and especially bright and telling in the upper register. If the air has been composed expressly for Madame Lancia, it shows in Mr. Mori the gift of being able to write for the peculiarities of individual voices—a gift by no means so common as may be supposed. There is little to say about Victor's ballad, "Twas she I loved," beyond that it is a trifle lackadaisical. The quintet "What rash assurance"—for Victor, St. Esteve, Cadion, Enguerrand and Louise (with a florid part)—if not strikingly new, is cleverly written and to the purpose. The duet of reconciliation between Louise and Victor, "Bright as love's dream," terminating with the somewhat hackneyed *cadenza a due*, which often makes us dread such situations in modern opera, is distinguished by a certain grace; while the Manager's comic song, "What joyful sensation," is full of bustle, and tuneful in the bargain. Louise's last romance, "Yes, one eve at twilight's shade"—in the French Opéra-Comique vein, like all the rest—is not on that account less engaging. The operetta terminates with a brief chorus; and Mr. Mori may be complimented on his courage in rejecting the stale expedient of a final *rondo*, even with Madame Lancia's flexible throat at his disposal.

The performance generally may be dismissed with a hearty word of praise; and it only remains to add that Mr. Alfred Mellon has as usual performed his task with ability and zeal. On the first night—*mirabile dictu!*—there was not a single encore, simply because there was evidently no "claque." This, nevertheless, did not make the audience feel a bit less warmly disposed towards Mr. Mori, when, at the end of the operetta, after the singers had crossed the stage, he was himself called for and appeared at the wings. The next novelty is to be Mr. C. L. Kenney's English version of M. Gounod's comic opera, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, from which good things are anticipated.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE HARP.

SIR,—I should have continued my letters upon the harp ere this, but I am anxiously awaiting the arrival, from *Hades*, of Orpheus with my friend, the illustrious "author of the 'History of the Harp.'"

Shortly after I had consigned my friend to the condign punishment that I knew would have been inflicted upon him by the harpies, I regretted that I had been so severe and hasty, and summoned Orpheus to my august presence, bade him take his lyre—that charmed gift of "our mutual friend," the seducing strains of which would deter the guards who might attempt to arrest his course—and rescue him at any risk. I gave Orpheus a passport to Pluto, together with "the compliments of the season," a note to the lovely Proserpine, containing a renewal of my devotion to her, a shake of the hand to *Tisi-phone*, a relative of my friend and brother-mortal *Eu-phon(e)-ion*, and a fee to His Excellency the Governor of the Gates, Cerberus, in the shape of a joint of Welsh mutton. Up (or down) to the present time I have not heard of or from Orpheus, and my friend the illustrious author; if I only knew the distance to Hades, perhaps I should not be quite so anxious, but I really do not wish my learned friend to remain there long, as he might perchance indulge too freely in "the pleasures of oblivion," and moreover and more-important, I wish to ask a few very particular questions before continuing my remarks upon the harp, which he alone can answer.

Meanwhile, should you meet Orpheus in the neighbourhood of the *Musical World* be good enough to send him to me at once by electric telegraph, and thus confer another favor upon yours most anxiously,
Belgravia, Feb. 8th, 1865. A. J. P.

CHARGES FOR MUSICAL EDUCATION AT THE ENGLISH ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

SIR,—Having just read in an old number of your journal, dated July 30th, 1864, a letter signed Dishley Peters, on the subject of the Government grant to the Royal Academy of Music, I was forcibly

struck with the writer's statement of the charges for musical instruction at the Conservatorium Leipzig—viz., £1 or £5 per annum. What a boon to have the advantages of such an institution at those terms!—has the Government grant lessened the terms at the Royal Academy?—if not—Mr. Bernal Osborne's remark—"That the extension of the sphere of usefulness of that institution would be for the benefit of the rich only," is still applicable; for how few are there in the country who can afford to pay thirty-three guineas a year for musical instruction (and I take it that such a national institution as the Royal Academy of Music is not intended for metropolitans only), and when board, apartments, hire of pianoforte, &c. &c., are added to the thirty-three guineas per annum, the cost of placing a student in London, as a pupil at the Royal Academy, would be little less than from £80 to £100 a year. If such tuition as your correspondent describes is to be had at Leipzig for £5 per annum, why cannot our Royal Society supply the same advantages for double the amount (£10)? but to pay six or seven times the amount is, I think, one of the reasons we produce so few first-rate English artistes; the terms for musical education precluding so many availing themselves of the advantage of that excellent institution. I am an interested party, having a son sixteen years of age who won "honourable mention" at the recent examination for the King's Scholarship (although he was very ill with malignant scarlet fever, of which I was unaware at the time), and in consequence of the high terms charged at the Royal Academy, I fear he will not have the musical education I so ardently hoped for. Now, sir, ought not one of the first advantages of the Government grant to have been a reduction in the terms charged? Am I asking too much, as a musical man, when I solicit your great influence in this interesting subject, thereby endeavouring to place the Royal Academy of Music within the reach of all classes. I feel confident the institute would be a greater benefit to the musical aspirants in and out of London and, peculiarly speaking, a gainer in the end. Apologising for trespassing upon your valuable space and trusting the subject may be deemed of sufficient interest to warrant my asking you to kindly insert this in your excellent journal, I beg to remain, sir, yours faithfully,
G. F. DAVIS,
Professor of Music and Conductor of the Cardiff Concerts.

Cardiff, 13th Feb., 1865.

THE SALISBURY AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY gave a concert at the Assembly Rooms, on the 8th inst., in aid of the St. Thomas schools. The programme consisted of—1st Part: Haydn's 3rd Grand (Imperial) Mass; 2nd Part: Four movements of a cantata, *Faith and Adoration*, by Gottlob Bierey; "With verdure clad" (*Creation*), Haydn; motet, "I wrestle and pray," Bach; "O rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*), Mendelssohn; trio and chorus, "Hearts feel that love thee" (*Athalie*), Mendelssohn; "In native worth" (*Creation*), Haydn; and Beethoven's "Hallelujah" chorus for *finale*. The solo singers were Misses Aylward, Windsor and Dowding, and Mrs. Dyson, Rev. Mr. Hodges, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Kenningham. The band and chorus numbered upwards of 80 performers. Leader, Mr. C. J. Read. Harmonium, Mr. J. E. Richardson. Conductor, Mr. Aylward. The concert was in every respect successful.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The first trial of new orchestral compositions took place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday evening, before a large assembly of fellows and associates. The following pieces were tried:—

Symphony in C major—Arthur O'Leary; Introduction and Allegro for pianoforte and orchestra—Alice Mary Smith; Overture (*King Lear*)—Frederic Archer; Symphony in C—Henry Gadsby; Two Marches—C. A. Barry; Overture—James Lea Summers. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The success of the evening was for the symphony of Mr. Gadsby, who was called for and immensely applauded. The first orchestral concert is to take place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening, the 29th March, at half-past eight,—evening dress indispensable. The second trial of new orchestral compositions will be held at the Hanover Square Rooms on Wednesday, November 22nd, at eight o'clock,—evening dress not necessary.

HANOVER.—It is reported that Herr Joachim has definitely resolved to beg that the King will release him from his engagement as concert-director. It is stated that the eminent artist, whom it is scarcely possible to replace, intends this resolution as a protest against religious prejudices.

"Mr. Fry, an American composer"—says a contemporary—"some of whose music we have heard on this side of the Atlantic (operas on the stories of *Rip van Winkle* and *Esmeralda* amongst it), is dead." Our contemporary is thinking of Mr. Bristow. None of Mr. Fry's music has been heard in England. Mr. Fry was musical critic to the *New York Tribune*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
(St. James's Hall.)

ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SECOND CONCERT,
(SIXTH CONCERT OF THE SEVENTH SEASON),
MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 20, 1865.

PART I.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello.
(By desire)—MM. STRAUSS, L. RIES, H. WEBB, HANN, and
DAUBERT Mozart.
SONG, "The Lullaby"—Mr. CUMMINGS Benedict.
SONG, "Ave Maria"—Miss EDITH WYNN Gounod.
SONATA, "The Pastoral," in D, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone. (No.
15 of Hallé's Edition)—Mr. CHARLES HALLE Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, "Didona abbandonata," for Violin, with Pianoforte Accom-
paniment. (First time at the Monday Popular Concerts)—
Herr STRAUSS Tartini.
SONG, "L'addio del marinaio"—Mr. CUMMINGS Benedict.
SONG, "Wind of the western Sea"—Miss EDITH WYNN H. Thomas.
SONATA, in G, for Pianoforte and Violin—Mr. CHARLES HALLE and
Herr STRAUSS Beethoven.

CONDUCTOR MR. BENEDICT.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

NOTICE.—It is respectfully suggested that such persons as are not desirous of remaining till the end of the performance can leave either before the commencement of the last instrumental piece, or between any of the movements, so that those who wish to hear the whole may do so without interruption. Between the last vocal piece and the Quartet for Pianoforte and stringed instruments, an interval of FIVE MINUTES will be allowed.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets of Austin, at the Hall, 22 Piccadilly; Chappell and Co., 50 New Bond Street; and the principal Music Publishers.

For the accommodation of those who may desire to occupy the same seats at every performance, SUBSCRIPTION IVORY TICKETS at 25 (transferable), may be secured at Chappell & Co.'s, entitling holders to a special sofa stall, selected by themselves, for 20 concerts; or, two sofa stalls for 10 concerts.

L'HISTOIRE DE PALMERIN D'OLIVE filz du ROY
FLORENDOS DE MACEDONE et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiculus, Empereur de Constantinople, by IAN MAUGIN, dit le PETIT ANGEVIN. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for SIX GUINEAS, (no diminution of price). Enquire of DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 241, Regent Street.

Will shortly appear.

"MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT."

A NEW WORK, by JOSEPH GODDARD, (Author of "The Philosophy of Music.") Those who may desire to become Subscribers to the above work are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Author at 67, St. Paul's Road, Camden Square, N.W. The following are among the names already received—William Chappell, F.S.A., Augustine Sargood, Esq., John Boussey, Esq., J. Ellis, Esq., W. T. Best, Esq., and G. W. Martin, Esq.
Price to Subscribers is 5s.; after publication the price to purchasers will be 6s. 6d.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of THE MUSICAL WORLD is at MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co's., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as eleven o'clock A.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—Music for Review must be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MASTER WILLIE PAPE—Opening of the new organ at Upton-cum-Chalvey—&c., next week.

The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

TO HEPWORTH DIXON, ESQ.

MY SINGULAR GOOD HEPWORTH:—I have just read an article from your pen (I am told you write the *Erictheum* or *Athenæum*), which contains misstatements.

You have read Cornelius Agrippa; and I need not (therefore) remind you that he (Agrippa) gives his opinions rather freely. You will recall the *Capitum LXV*—"De Mendicantibus"—which sets forth as thus:—"Pertinet ad Remp. atque religionem, etiam pauperum et agrotantium rationem habere, ne quis delinquat propter paupertatem, et furetur, aut, mendicando circumveniens, contagiosæ pestis calamitate cives inficiat, aut fame pereat in opprobrium humanitatis." (&c.)—This passage, I am aware, does not exactly bear upon the subject of which I am briefly about to treat; but it will suffice, my singular good Hepworth, to recall to your polyglot brain the *capitum* to which I refer; and I shall be amply satisfied if I can make you understand that a chapter might be written with equal propriety upon the theme, *De mendicantibus questionis* (of the begging of the question). Now, in the article of which I complain, and of which, had I leisure to discourse at large, I should do so in a *capitum*, headed *De mendicantibus* (coining my own vulgate), there is not only begging of the question, but absolute cases of figment—the euphemistic equivalent for a term which I never apply to a person who lodges in my esteem, no matter on what floor—without several distinct and hearty provocations.

But to skip further preamble. In your last *Athenæum* (if my memory serves me, that is the name of your paper—not *Erictheum*), where you discourse of music, you speak of a sonata by one Dussek, which carries the, not (to you, perhaps) immediately comprehensible, title of *L'Invocation*. In your discourse you give publicity to no less than ten figments (at the very lowest computation). Allow me, my good Hepworth, to lay them out before you, in order, as they occur.

FIGMENT I.

"At Monday's Popular Concert Dussek's *Invocation* sonata was repeated—a certain stir having been created on the adoption of this fine work by Madame A. Goddard, as though some particular rarity and enterprise attached itself to whatever she takes in hand."

On the adoption, by Madame A. Goddard, of this fine work—would perhaps have been clearer; but, my Hepworth, the above is (bible oath) a figment. No "stir," certain or uncertain, was created beyond the "stir" which was the natural result of the worthy performance of a very fine work—a stirring up, as it were, of a large number of the audience to hear it again, and a still greater number of the non-audience on that occasion (thanks to hearsay) to become part of the audience at the second performance.

FIGMENTS II AND III.

"There has been too much of an attempt to put this lady forward as a discoverer—just as if Professor Moscheles, Dr. Bennett, Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Herr Pauer and Mr. Halle had not each and all done virtually far more in familiarising the public with the varied library of pianoforte music."

The above two figments, so to speak, amalgamate, and beget divers others. There has been no "attempt" to put forward, except on the part of the lady herself, who happily has put herself forward, my good Hepworth, in spite of your former patronage and in spite of your recent abuse—the worth of which, I am afraid to think, she may rate in equal proportions. If the lady plays considerably better than some of those you have mentioned (which could only be denied by a Midas—awarding the palm to Pan instead of to Apollo), it is her merit rather than her fault. If you say "she don't," I give you, my good Hepworth, the figment direct, and at the same time proclaim you no judge—or, perhaps, a second Justice Woodcock. Not one of those you have named—not even Dr. Bennett, the best of them all—has done "virtually" (whatever that may mean) as much "in familiarising the public with the varied library of pianoforte music" as Arabella Goddard. Dr. Bennett, the best of them all, has never played to crowds; Pro-

fessor Moscheles, the next best, has never played to crowds; Herr Pauer and Mr. Hallé (the last especially) have played to crowds; but it is time the truth should be told of these extremely well-favored Teutons, one of whom (the other can claim no especial public distinction) has attained a status to which his actual merits by no means "virtually" entitle him. I have never heard performers, and I have an experience of half-a-century, come so frequently before the public *en robe de chambre* as Herren Hallé and Pauer. *Cur non veritas?* Of this, however, enough at present. What offence you have taken against Mr. Lindsay Sloper I can't, for the life of me, guess. Accomplished artist as he is, he would be the very last to assert—not that he had "done virtually far more," but that he had done "virtually" nearly as much, in the direction which Arabella Goddard has followed, by a sort of instinct, since she first became known to the public. Let him contradict me if he please, and I will gallantly meet him, as a *galantuomo* (which he is), in the open field of controversy. Mr. Sloper has done good service enough to the musical state not to stand in need of extraneous helps from doubtful quarters. Lastly, how, after your shameful behaviour (my good Hepworth) to our most illustrious musician, during a long series of years, you could introduce the name of Dr. Bennett in such an argument—as though to distinguish him by implication—is only explicable to yourself (or those who care to hear your explanation—which I don't). It looks to me very much like the Devil sprinkling himself (for a purpose) with holy water. If you are unaware that the *Erichtheum* treatment of Sterndale Bennett makes the *Athenæum* stink in the nostrils of every honest musician and every honest amateur, I now apprise you of the fact.

FIGMENT IV.

"The sonata had been frequently played long ere the Popular Concerts were thought of."

The fourth figment (my singular good Hepworth) is the most flagrant and "oudacious" of them all. *L'Invocation* was composed the year before its author died (1812). Dussek himself never played it in public; and after Dussek's demise it was, for a good quarter of a century, as much forgotten as though it had not existed. It is only very lately that the works of Dussek have been considered worth collecting and republishing in Germany. In England (where Mr. Cipriani Potter, and Dr. Crotch before him, pooh-pooh'd them), I can tell you, as a fact, that some twenty-five years since, the plates of the best sonatas and concertos published at Clementi's would all have gone, to the melting pot, but that a friend of mine persuaded Mr. William Chappell, then of the great firm of Chappell & Co., to buy them, at a sale in Cheapside. Among these were the three sonatas, Op. 35, and the *Farewell* sonata, Op. 44 (all dedicated to Clementi), the *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand of Prussia* (Op. 61), the two grand concertos in G minor and E flat, (Nos. 6 and 12) and other compositions. As for the *Invocation*, it had lain buried in the vaults of the house of Golding, D'Almaine & Co. (Soho Square) for years unnumbered, till this very same friend of mine discovered a copy, amid a quantity of waste paper. Struck with the imaginative beauty of the work, he forthwith repaired to the Royal Academy of Music, in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square; and there showed it to a youth with Academy buttons. I decline to name that youth; but (my good Hepworth) I hear you muttering between your teeth:—"It could only have been that same Sterndale Bennett whom I have so scurvily treated in my *Erichtheum*, till I have driven him to accept the musical Chair of Cambridge and the Baton at the Philharmonic Concerts (d—n that C—y!)." Well, you are right; and I may also tell you that the youth in Academy buttons played the *Invocation* at sight somewhat better than Herr Ernst Pauer, "already three years since," with full preparation, at his "Prehistorical Concerts."

I am aware (you have shown it in your hebdomadal "gossip") you prefer the playing of Pauer to that of any Englishman; but that is your misfortune not your fault. You should have matriculated at Wolfenbüttel. However, you say (my singular Hepworth) that Dussek's *Invocation* was "frequently played long ere the Popular Concerts were thought of." My good Hepworth, if not a "cure," you are a figment! It has not been played publicly—of course I don't pry into "my Lady's" (you are always saying "my Lady's" something) closet—five times in as many lustres! I therefore arraign you not only for a figment, but for a figment *prepense*. I defy you to overtop my five times. What, then, am I to think of your attack upon Arabella Goddard—the "victim" of "disproportionate commendations?"—what but this:—you have a spite against her nearest friend, and being shy of him—as your occasional panegyrics of two or three old songs to Shelley's words (with which panegyrics he no doubt lights his pipe), suffice to prove—you vent your spleen on his weaker half though better. Fye, fye, my singular Hepworth (excuse the "good" this time)! When you apply the word "puffery," to Arabella Goddard (*Figment V.*) you are gratuitously insulting a lady, and I compliment you on your gallantry. Moreover, you are wilfully perverting the truth; for you know well that the only pen which might, through natural partiality, incline to write more than she deserves is unable to write half as much; you know that, and you know the reason.

Worst of all, however (having done with your direct figments), is your peroration, which begins with an insult embedded in a figment—like the fly in amber. "No one," you say, "has more willingly done credit to her extraordinary skill as a mechanist than ourselves." I deny even that, and can prove, out of your own words, that you are indulging in a figment (No. VI). If I were to take your articles upon Arabella Goddard, from 1853 to the present time, I could easily convince any impartial reader that your written opinions are not worth a straw, inasmuch as they vary according to circumstances—circumstances exclusively created by your own personal and temporary prejudices. You have discredited her "mechanism," as you term it, just as often as you have discredited her expression; and on each occasion you have simply made the *Athenerichtheum* ridiculous. Why don't you invite her to your parties, as you do Hallé, Joachim, Pauer, Arthur Sullivan, Sims Reeves, Straus, &c. There is no danger; she wouldn't go.

You say—"when the story of the pianoforte has to be told, Madame A. Goddard will always be classed with Madame Pleyel and Madame Dulcken." That is another figment (No. VII.) "When the story of the pianoforte has to be told" (to adopt your own affected jargon), she will be ranked with no such persons. Where she will be ranked, it is not for me to say, laying no claim to the gift of prophecy—which, like wisdom infallible, judgment unerring, and integrity unbending (poor Constance Clay!), you complacently arrogate to yourself; but certainly not with Madame Pleyel and Madame Dulcken, neither one nor the other of whom does she resemble in anything whatever.

The rest of your peroration (my singular good Hepworth), although it involves three more figments, is beneath notice. You build a castle of cards and then blow it down, thus begging the question—as aforesaid (*De mendicite questionis*). One might have guessed, judging by the burning phillippic in the *Erichtheum*, that you had been exposed, at three distinct periods, to three terrible inflictions. But what will the unsophisticated reader think when he is told that you were not present on one of the three occasions of Mad. Arabella Goddard's playing the *Invocation*, at the Monday Popular Concerts?—that you did not even send a representative, although the author of *Handel Studies*, attached (I believe) to your staff, would cheerfully, and could easily have

acted as your substitute?—that, in fact, you seldom attend performances where Madame Goddard is to be heard, and that when perchance, you do, you generally leave the room just before she is about to play? I fear the “unsophisticated” would not endorse your character for impartiality, but rather attribute your antagonism to some less respectable motive—a motive probably akin to that which moved you to “pitch into” Mr. C. L. Kenney’s English version of *Le Médecin malgré lui* before the opera had appeared. Eh (my singular good Hepworth)?

Had you attended the performances of the *Invocation* every time, severely criticised them every time, and railed at the crowded audiences, as *tant soit peu* beside themselves, any disinterested person, who can judge of pianoforte playing, might have proclaimed you Zebra, or have voted you a beard of gold, but could not fairly have impeached the honesty of your intentions. Another time (my good Hepworth) confine yourself to speaking of what you hear and see; and do not, when unable or disinclined to judge for yourself, set down those who are more curious, as fools, if not worse. *Jam satis*—Thine (my singular good Hepworth), as thou compest thyself in future.

DISHLEY PETERS.

Tadcaster, Service Tree and Sable,—St. Valentine’s Day.

MENDELSSOHN’S OVERTURE IN C.

DURING his recent visit to Leipzig, Dr. Sterndale Bennett was informed that the overture which Mendelssohn wrote expressly for our Philharmonic Society could not be performed because the score had not the alterations which the composer made for the English copy. Dr. Bennett brought the Philharmonic score with him, had the alterations made, and the overture, was performed with great success in Leipzig on the 2nd February. A true artist can scarcely visit a city without doing some good to art.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the last general meeting Mr. Benedict retired from the Council and Mr. Henry Smart was elected in his place. Mr. Smart’s *cantata*, the *Bride of Dunkerron*, will be played at the first concert.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.—At the last concert (the 162nd) Madame Arabella Goddard repeated Dussek’s sonata, *L’Invocation* (third time), the Septet of Beethoven, Mendelssohn’s pianoforte quartet in F minor, and a quartet in C major by Haydn completing the instrumental part of the programme. A brilliant concert and (weather notwithstanding) an immense audience. More next week.

BRIGHTON.—Madame Arabella Goddard gave her third and last “Recital” for the season yesterday afternoon. Though the weather was detestable, the Pavilion concert-room was crowded. The programme comprised a sonata by Mozart (in G), a *suite* by Handel (G minor), Bach’s Prelude and Fugue *alla Tarantella* (A minor), a sonata by Beethoven (E flat, Op. 31), a romance by E. J. Loder (“Lisette”), a *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn (C, Book 5), and a new and brilliant *fantasia* upon melodies of Schubert, composed expressly for her by Mr. Lindsay Sloper (author of the delicious *fantasia* on *Mireille*.) More particulars next week. C. F.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.—Of the performances given under this name by Mr. Goffrie, at Willis’s Rooms, a report has reached us from an old contributor, too late for insertion in this number. It will appear, however, in our next. A large variety of talent seems to have been presented to his patrons by Mr. Goffrie, who has also selected his programmes with taste and judgment. It is worth attending his concerts if only to hear M. Sainton play quartets. M. Sainton has been so long among us that he runs the chance of being regarded as an Englishman, and thus as “no prophet in his own country.” Among other features at these concerts, our “old contributor” singles out for hearty praise the pianoforte playing of Madame Alice Mangold, who, he finds, has made remarkable progress. But of these things, &c., anon.

Muttoniana.

DR. SHOE (respectfully) forgot to instruct the readers of *Muttoniana* that Mr. Ap’Mutton had left from the Vatican for the Tuileries, where he (Ap’M.) was summoned by Napoleon III. to aid him (N. III.) in revising proof sheets of the *Life of Julius Cæsar*. The Pope was angry; Mr. Ap’M. inflexible. Nor is Dr. Shoe surprised, seeing that though he (Ap’M.) would not willingly lose either, he would liefer be shorn of the dignities conferred upon him by the Father of the Faithful than risk the loss of the *Grand Cordon* and intimacy of the Commander of recklessness legions. The following was the Imperial mandate:—

CHER ET ILLUSTRE AP’MUTTON!—*Tu a connu intimement Jules Cæsar. Je le sais. Tu l’as aidé à écrire ses Commentaires, comme jadis tu aidas feu mon oncle, dans son Code. Je le sais. Viens donc, m’aider à mon tour. Je ne donnerai pas mon CÉSAR au monde sans ta supervision. Mets toi donc à l’œuvre. Ne fais pas la beguene. Je t’embrasse de loin. Je t’attends de près. Quittes ton vieux Pape. Ton affectionné.*

Napoléon.

P.S.—J’ai reconnu ta main dans l’Encyclopédie—farceur! Tu as rendu ton Pape au diable. Egratigneur!—malin que tu fais! N. Tuileries—ce 6 Février.

To this appeal there was no demurrer. Moreover, Mr. Ap’M. must be aware of the extreme value of his own collaboration in the Imperial volume. It is even bruited (Dr. Shoe has heard) that the *preface* will not come from the Imperial pen, nor the *capitula* on Britannia. More moreover—Dr. Shoe sniffs, in the last sentence of the Speech to the Legislature, delivered by his Imperial ally, on the 15th inst. (at 1 p.m.)—beginning from the words (Dr. Shoe used the vernacular of his father-tongue), “An Utopia is to welfare what illusion is to truth”—the strong Muttonian flavor. Ever since the *Coup d’État*, Mr. Ap’M. has been invited to the Tuileries at this particular period. *Verbum Sap.*

The following is less to the taste of Dr. Shoe, but he feels impignorated to educe it:—

SIR,—Can you inform us where a letter will find Dr. Septimus Wind at the present moment? He has left without remembering (no doubt forgetting) our slight memorandum. We are very sorry to trouble you, and are, your obedient humble servants,

TAYLOR, TAYLOR, TAYLOR & Co. (Tailors.)

9, Cloth Street, Jacketbury, February 16.

DR. WIND is herring-fishing at Cape Wrath (with the ex-editor of the *Gomic Noos*.) Dr. Shoe is aware that this is in defiance of 23, 29th Vic. (Cap. 92); but Dr. Chidley Pidding (now happily recovered) is doing as much at Mull Cantire. They have both fished since Jan. 1, and intend fishing, D. V., till May 20, thus touching either extreme of the legitatively prescribed limits of non-fishery—against (Dr. Shoe thinks, respectfully) piscine decorum, and to the disgust of the cod, the conger and the porpoise, without in any way conciliating the herring proper. Nevertheless, Dr. Shoe has opened tried to explain to himself why the herring does not make a war of reprisals on the ling.

In answer to a correspondent, signing himself, “P. Slate, poetaster,” inquiring if Dr. Shoe owns a mansion and estate near Whittlebury, he (Shoe) begs to state that he does own an estate of 90 virgates near Whittlebury, but that there is no mansion upon it—at least where poetasters are admitted. Dr. Shoe has his own special historiographer, who can celebrate his (Shoe’s) deeds, in prose or in verse, with equal fluency and grace. This historiographer is no other than Paul of Whittlebury. He (Paul) has composed an eulogismus on Dr. Shoe’s estate in his (Shoe’s) father-tongue.

FROM A WRITHING GRUB UNCRUSHED.

SIR,—For the satisfaction of your friend, *Zamuel Owl*, I hasten to explain an *apparent* error of mine in alluding to the brilliant achievement of *Curtius*. Owl is right; *Marcus* is, or rather *was*, the name of the hero of the abyss, but, mark me! Hardly had he reached the bottom thereof, after a descent of frightful rapidity, during which his features underwent an indescribable change; hardly, I say, had he reached the bottom, when he was met by the shade of Romulus, who, advancing towards him, warmly grasped his hand, exclaiming in choicest Latin, “Ah, Quintus! how are ye old, boy? glad to see ye!” The hero, elated at the flattering familiarity of this greeting, cared not to correct the trifling mistake of the founder of mighty Rome, and ever

since his arrival in the world of spirits has retained the name of *Quintus*, to the great disgust and indignation of Quintus Curtius Rufus, the historian, whose works, though not destitute of merit, have never won for him the renown achieved by his far more brilliant countryman; so true is it that *deeds* are better than *words*. I have great pleasure in putting you in possession of these interesting particulars, in the first place, because I have a sincere regard for you, and in the second, because I am anxious to vindicate myself from the charge of inaccuracy. —I am, dear sir, your repentant, writhing, but still uncrushed,

GRUB.

P.S.—The sole surviving descendant of the illustrious Roman, who is now living in undeserved obscurity "opposite the Priory," being of a *sallatory* rather than a literary turn, naturally acknowledges Marcus as his remote ancestor. *Prevalga il vero!*

It would be well, Dr. Shoe opines, if a fresh gulf were to open, and afford "the last descendant" of the worthy Curtius an opportunity to imitate the example of his less wordy, if not less valiant progenitor.

A VALENTINE.

Ap'Mutton! glory of the age,
At once the satirist and sage,
To you I send this valentine
And drink your health in sparkling wine.

Plague on the fiddle, drum and fife!
They are the torment of my life.
Crescendos I despise and "Swells,"
Devoted as I am to "Wells."

Their melodies so die-away
And all the trumpery they play,
Their squeaks and groans both high and low,
Fill me with horror as they blow.

I'd rather have a good "blow out"
And pledge you in a glass of stout;
Although champagne you well deserve,
Because the cause of truth you serve.

You see a joke, a merit rare!
For angry writers do not care,
But gravely print their wretched stuff,
And laugh to see them in a huff.

The doughty Quinton you defy;
Are silent, when he asks you "why?"
The cause of soloists you plead,
And in *reforms* you take the lead.

Saint Valentine befriend you now!
To you choice spirits all shall bow,
Ap'Mutton! glory of the age,
At once the satirist and sage.

HILARIA.

Dr Shoe has shot the foregoing, by electric wire, to the Tuileries, where, doubtless, Mr. Ap'Mutton will read it aloud to the Imperial Family.

A LETTER OF THANKS.

The author of "Farewell to Aileen" presents his compliments to Doctor Shoe, and begs most respectfully to say, he is sure he is the right *shoe* on the right *foot*, and that he feels certain he—(Dr. Shoe), makes himself felt pretty severely "In Re (-ar of) the German Company v. English Instrumentalists." At the same time, he also begs to thank him for allowing him publicly last week to bid Aileen farewell, and to state that although he *be* E. Willis Fletcher, he *be* not B. Willis Fletcher, but yours, my dear doctor, very o-be-diently, with an E.

P.S.—Your "Muttoniana" being so deliciously flavored, may I be so rude as to inquire if it *Ap'-ens* to be *Welsh* mutton?

Mutton of all nations, Dr. Shoe apprehends. For the future Fletcher Willis shall B. E. Fletcher Willis, if such his will is (Dr. Shoe rarely condescends to pun).

"STILL HARPING ON MY DAUGHTER."

SIR,—All men are liars," and words cannot express the feelings of disgust, contempt, and indignation with which I have read those false, rubbishy letters about the Crystal Palace, which have recently disgraced your pages. German predilections indeed! Why, Sir, there isn't a German sausage in the building; I wish there were. As for Mr. Mann's partialities, don't believe anything of the sort. I happen to know that he evinces no partiality at all for—the *English members of his orchestra*.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

O. Ap' Mutton, Esq.

G. K. BULLY.

G. K. Bully, according to his own voluntary admission, is a liar as well as a Bully—that is if he be not a woman, which, Dr. Shoe apprehends, judging from the ferocity of his style. Dr. Shoe has an instinctive horror of liars and Bullies.

OLD OLD AGAIN.

SIR,—If you can afford any information as to the religious tenets of Gandy (why not Gander?) Deering, the illustrious (?) designer of that most ineligible edifice called Exeter Hall, many would, I am persuaded, feel much indebted to you. Exeter Hall is I believe supported principally by "no popery" contributions. Within its precincts no right-minded individual would suffer himself to breathe the word *popery*, unaccompanied by the saving prefix *no*. What then must we think of a man who, in the very heart of the building, not only *permitted* but actually *encouraged* his thoughts to dwell upon popery, without the redeeming negative. The last time *Elijah* was performed at Exeter Hall I went to hear it, and was, as I always am, much pleased, though I remain of opinion that the Lancashire chorus-singers are far superior to the Londoners. Towards the conclusion of the oratorio—whether in consequence of the absence of Sina Reeves and Santley, the adamant nature of the seat, or the overpowering heat—my attention began to flag, and my thoughts gradually reverted to Gandy Deering. As, in the event of the building catching fire, every facility seems afforded for burning its occupants alive, I am led reluctantly but irresistibly to the conclusion that, though supported by "no popery" contributions, Exeter Hall was certainly not built upon a "no popery" plan, and, in the absence of all reliable information, must assume that Gandy Deering was a man of Jesuitical principles with an *auto-da-fe* in his eye. I was seven minutes getting out, and, as you may well imagine, was glad that the building was *not* on fire. If Gandy Deering was *not* a papist, you are requested to inform your readers how it happens that the interior arrangements of Exeter Hall seem so fatally adapted to the immediate destruction by fire of heretical listeners. Now for "*tetchy*." I looked for this word before I wrote it, in Nuttall's shilling edition of Webster, and was referred to "*tetchy*." I must add that I am but an amateur in orthography, and my sole ambition is, with Will Honeycomb, to "spell like a gentleman." I am glad to see that my *real* blunder ("*either*" instead of "*neither*") did not escape Dr. Shoe. His penetration proves that he is adequate to the duties of his present responsible position, and I therefore most cheerfully retract my former unfavorable opinion of his ability.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

DARTLE OLD.

Owain Ap' Mutton, Esq.

Dr. Shoe only has recourse, when he has recourse to a dictionary, to Mr. Ap'Mutton's *Dictionary of Languages*, in 500 volumes. There (vol. 401, page 6056), Mr. Old, on reference, will find the word spelt "*tetchy*" (with a *t*). Dr. Shoe is obliged for his (Old's) prompt and courteous retraction. Mr. Old does "spell like a gentleman," if not like an orthographer.

BUBBLE, NOT BURBLE.

SIR,—Allow me to correct an error of one of your correspondents. The gentleman who lives "opposite the Priory" either purposely or accidentally mis-spells the name of two ladies, to whom he alludes as "the *Burbles*"—he means *Bubbles*. They are well-known, and noted for one great peculiarity—that of appearing always *bursting* with indignation! It is matter of regret to their numerous friends and admirers that two such gifted beings should be the victims of this chronic affection, for which there is, I believe, no cure, or even alleviation, but change of air. That of the Crystal Palace is too *sharp* for them, owing to the strong blasts from the brass instruments. As it is most desirable that their valuable lives should be prolonged to an indefinite period, I shall take the liberty of sending them to *you*, sir, for advice, knowing that you can "minister to an ear diseased," and feeling assured that you will at once recommend them to seek some Arcadian spot where birds warble *solos* on every tree, where tame beasts roar from their chests, and where unbroken harmony prevails. Should you think a consultation necessary in their case, I hope you will at once send for *me*; I shall be proud and happy to attend gratuitously, and shall warmly second any sanitary suggestion of yours. Being thoroughly well acquainted with the idiosyncracies of my interesting patients, I must premise that nothing but the *soothing system* will have any effect on them in their present melancholy state of mental aberration. Between ourselves they are *mu-ic-mad*, but let this go no further; they are quite harmless, and have hitherto exhibited remarkable "method in their madness." "*Nous verrons*." I am, sir, your obedient servant,

QUACK, M.D.

"Bubble" be it—not Burble—

"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble"

is better, decidedly, in Dr. Shoe's opinion, than—
Burble, burble, toil and trouble,

under any (especially *euphonious*) circumstances. Dr. Shoe never consults quacks—not even Dr. Quintin Quack of the “I O U club (limited to non-liquidators).” Nevertheless, the expression, “Nous verrons,” is filched from Marie Arouet (Voltaire.)

DICTIONARY WANTED.

Oh! Shoe,—If you have a feeling foot within you tell me where I may obtain that Dictionary (half price) I do not use. Some one has said, or numbers have said, that the less some persons understood what they read the more they enjoyed it. I am not one of these—far from it. I get so “foggy” while reading, and not understanding *Muttoniana* (I’ve always heard *Welsh mutton* is the best) and that I actually think—nonsense that which, were, I initiated I should doubtless know for most pungent wit—be not unkind to a poor would-be Muttonian. Can you not give us an article on the origin, etymology, &c., of “Muttoniana.” Oh! much respected and deeply admired Dr. Taylor Shoe (without the conflation) refuse not to comply with the request of yours humbly,
L. S. D.

Dr. Shoe never gives origins, or etymologies, without preciput. That law is strictly enforced by his revered chief. He (Shoe) may, notwithstanding, refer L.S.D. to Mr. Ap’Mutton’s *Dictionary of Languages*, in 500 volumes, which cannot be had at “half-price, nor at less than six-fifths (ready).”

A POSTSCRIPTUM.

P.S.—Would I had the wisdom of a Dartle Old, a Zamiel Owl, or an A. Longears, then it would be *tant mieux* for poor L.S.D., instead of, as now, *tant pis*. Byron says, “’tis strange but true, for truth is always strange. Stranger than fiction if it could be told. How much would novels gain by the exchange. How differently the world would then behold.” I think that is very “German to the matter” of “*Furioso*,” so capably reviewed by one who I am sure must be very clever and witty. I wish all fictitious folly could be so treated. Is “preciput” Muttonianian, for, “If by letter, enclose stamp for reply.” “A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,” so keep me not long in “danger.”

February 12th, 1865.

L.S.D.

Dr. Shoe never answers *postscripta*—only *antescripta*—without preciput. But as L.S.D. is ignorant of the signification of the term, let her purchase Mr. Ap’Mutton’s *Dictionary*. The author of the review on *Furioso* is Mr. Ap’Mutton—the cleverest and wittiest, as well as sage and most virtuous man on what Sir Richard Blackmore, in his very dull poem, *The creation*, calls “This terrestrial ball.”

WELL NOT SWELL.

Sir,—Here we are again,” which under the circumstances is wonderful. Just at first, Dartle Old’s sharp attack upon me made me wince a trifle, for though I am unanimously allowed to be a man of very capacious mind, I certainly had no idea that I had already arrived at being a butt. Even that limb the devil is said to be less swarthy than his limners represent him, and he is not the only fellow who is misrepresented. I wrote “well,” not “swell,” in my letter in *re Wells*, for it would not be in accordance with my principles to turn the principals of my orchestra into ridicule. I, too, am a sincere admirer of Mr. Wells’s tone, and though it has frequently struck me that his *crescendo* might be a *feetle* more governed, still I have no doubt that it is in exact proportion to his pay and to his position. You see he sits exactly opposite Herr Manns, who (being singularly and uniformly slender) naturally puts all idea of *swell* to flight. In regard to my incautious assertion about truth lying in a well, I can only say that I feel thoroughly ashamed of myself, and wish most sincerely that I had “let well alone.” I am however quite sure that *somebody did say so*, and therefore I mean to spend the remainder of my days in “searching diligently” until I find him. I have now done my best to make the *amende ho-orable* and hope that the just indignation of the public is appeased.—I am, sir, yours obedient-ly (mind that)

WILLIAM WELTER.

P.S.—My compliments to Miss Print, and desire her not to curtail my letter of its grammatical proportions, as she did poor W. Quinton’s.

It is well for Welter that Dr. Shoe should be not quite well enough to souse him (Welter) in the well to which all confirmed punsters (Sam Weller excepted) are ultimately consigned, and especially ill punsters like Welter. That is *not* the well where truth lies. The “grammatical proportions” of Welter’s letter escape the apprehension of Dr. Shoe, who has, nevertheless (respectfully) impinged it.

PROGRAMME BOYS.

MON CHER MONSIEUR AP’MUTTON!—*Le drôle de nom que vous avez! Mais n’importe.* I think you ave give yourself dis name to make laugh the world, *ce qui prouve* dat you are not so mouton as you seem. For

myself, I am since long time in England, where I please myself extremely, and where I find on each side fine objects which strike me of astonishment; but dat which the most seize me is the Palace of Crystal which contains all you can desire to please the eye, and where also your ear is flattered. In the hall of concert where all the days I render myself, I find the music admirable no less than the *artistes* who are superior; only find I one inconvenient. *Ces petits polissons*—the programme boys cry so strong “Programme, one penny!” dat they distract your attention during the most fine *pianissimo*, and fill you with *colère*. Dis is one great wrong and scandal. Is it not so? I am sure you will feel with me dat it must be made cease, and in ‘dis aim I remit myself to you, vile I hope you will not mock yourself of a stranger in your land of liberty. Receive, Sare, the assurance of the perfect consideration of your all devoted FELICIE DE LA GUERRE.

When Dr. Shoe, or any distinguished Muttonian, enters the concert-room of the Crystal Palace, he is formally presented (by Mr. Secretary Grove) with a programme (*gratis*) perfumed with Rimmel’s scent and oil of Lucca.

STILL HARPING HARPING HARPING.

Sir,—There is nothing like black and white. I have been looking up my programmes, and I find that I have the complete set for last February, March, and April. Adding my three months to Dartle Old’s four, we get the following number of solos during *seven months*—

Mr. Watson, violin	0
Mr. Wells, flute	1
Mr. Crozia, oboe	16
Herr Pape, clarinette	45
Mr. Bonniscau, flageolet	44
Mr. Phasey, euphonium	9

I suppose Wells and Watson play quinquennially, and should certainly like to know why such agreeable artists perform so seldom.

Interested as you are in the Crystal Palace band, you will, I am sure, be glad to hear that the letters upon the subject have had a beneficial effect upon its German members. Finding their countryman, Herr Pape, eulogised in your pages, they have at length woke up to a sense of his merit, and have actually been seen applauding him. This is as it should be, and as it *ought* to have been long ago. If anybody really cares to know who I am, pray tell them, but otherwise, allow me to sign myself—yours faithfully,
A SEASON TICKET HOLDER.

Dr. Shoe don’t (respectfully) think any one will care to know who “A Ticket Season-holder” is, and has therefore himself forgotten to remember. He (Shoe) is worn out, and must take to his heels. Moreover he feels his quinquennials coming on; and he has them severer than Mr. Ap’Mutton. The last time he (Shoe) had them, he knocked at his own street-door and asked if Dr. Shoe was at home.

Shoebury, Boot and Hook, February 17th.

Taylor Shoe.

VIENNA.—(From a Correspondent.)—According to the current report, Herr Wachtel will not entirely leave this capital. After he had been released, at his own request, from his engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, it was proposed that he should fulfil a long starring engagement every year at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, and he at once accepted the proposal.—Herr Teick, the tenor of the Carltheater, has been engaged for three years certain at the Royal Operahouse, Munich. He is to receive 3000 florins, annually, and, in addition, one hundred florins *feux*, every evening, for the first six evenings of his engagement.—The new romantic four-act opera, entitled: *Concino Concino*, the words by Herr Lewitschnigg, the music by Herr Thomas Löwe, has at length been produced, but does not appear destined to have a very long run. The critic of the *Reckenionen* expresses himself in these terms on the subject:

“A novelty in the midst of our operatic antiquities is such a rarity as essentially to increase the difficulties of the composer’s position and of the chance that his work will prove a success. When, instead of hearing, as we are entitled to hear, at least three or four novelties in nine months, we have only one, and for this one, instead of waiting six or eight weeks and no more, we have to wait six or eight months, our expectations are most unduly raised, and anything like a reasonable standard by which to form an opinion is gradually lost. A work which, as one of several, we should have welcomed with respect, and willingly have accepted with the rest, easily falls into a false position, if it has to figure as the sole fruits of an entire season, and, without anything else, to satisfy our just desire of seeing the operatic repertory freshened up, and the members of the company better employed. The management would have to produce before the float a rare masterpiece, if they would act in conformity with such a system, which, unfortunately, is the usual one with us, while, in the present condition of operatic

literature, it is only the quantity of what is new which could in any way cause us to overlook its inferior quality. When, however, in addition to all this, we recollect that the novelty, for months past in a slow course of preparation, was promised for years without being brought out, we must confess that everything has been done by the management to surround with difficulties the result, to unsettle our judgment, and to render success an impossibility.—After what we have said, it will be easily understood that a permanent success is quite out of the question as far as *Concini* is concerned. Had we been allowed to hear the new operas of Hiller, Max Bruch, Wüster, Albert, &c., Löwe's work might have followed in their train, but to be served up as the sole novelty is something to which it has not the remotest claim. As a matter of course, we can, to-day, speak only of the hasty impression the first performance produced upon us, but we must own our great dread of being in the presence of a natural absence of talent, never to be concealed by study, tact, or industry. We sincerely trust that on hearing the opera again we may form a more favorable opinion.—As we shall return to the subject we will merely state, at present, that, on the whole, the performance was a success, especially as regards Herrn Beck and Wachtel, but that, on the other side, the scenery and getting-up left everything to be desired. The composer was called for frequently, yet the opera will scarcely keep its place in the repertory for as long a time as was spent in learning it."

The Quartet Soirées both of Herr Laub and of Herr Hellmesberger are drawing to a close. Each gentleman has given his last concert but one. The programme of Herr Laub's on the 26th January comprised Mendelssohn's E flat major Quartet (Op. 44); Mozart's Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin; and Beethoven's A minor Quartet (Op. 132). At Herr Hellmesberger's concert, on the day after, a new Quartet by Herbeck was promised, but an old one substituted, creating a great deal of dissatisfaction among the subscribers. Herr Derffel performed a Sonata by Schubert, and Beethoven's E minor Quartet brought the concert to a close.—On the 28th ult., a very successful concert was given by Mdlle. Hauffe, of Leipzig, a young lady who made a favorable impression at Hellmesberger's Quartet Soirées, as well as at the recent Philharmonic Concert. She played in Schumann's C major Quartet, Mendelssohn's "Variations sérieuses," and Beethoven's grand Trio in B flat. On the 29th, Herr Reichardt also appeared as a concert-giver, when he delighted his patrons with: "Del mio Tesoro intanto" from *Don Giovanni*, "Haste, Israel, haste," from Handel's *Joshua*, and sundry other compositions. He was assisted by Mdlle. Bettelheim and the Sisters Tietz.

DRESDEN.—A new opera, *Der Cid*, words by M. Hartmann, music by Th. Gouvy, has been accepted and will shortly be produced. Herr Tichatschek has been laid up with typhus fever, but is recovering.

GLOUCESTER.—A correspondent writes that Mr. Amott, organist of Gloucester Cathedral and conductor of the triennial festival, has died suddenly.

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2. Chorus of Ladies.
3. The merry bells shall ring.
4. To a far distant past.
5. Arab Song.
6. When Lara marched. (Drinking song.)

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OPINIONS OF THE LONDON PRESS.

"Another feature of the concert was the second act of Verdi's *Travatore* given with costumes and scenic adjuncts, which introduced, for the first time on any stage, Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Howard Glover's talented pupil, in the character of Azucena. It is difficult for a debutante to exhibit her talents to the best advantage at a first appearance; and yet, in the presence of a highly-discriminating audience, Miss Soldene came off with flying colours, and left little doubt that she is destined to occupy a very high position on the lyric boards. Miss Soldene's voice is a mezzo soprano of fine quality, and moreover, has the true dramatic ring in it, which few mere concert-room singers in this country can boast of. Miss Soldene, too, is an excellent musician, and has been trained with the greatest care in the best school—the Italian schola—the knowledge of which Mr. Howard Glover, her master, obtained in Italy, where he resided and studied for several years. We are not surprised, therefore, to find that Miss Soldene enunciates and pronounces in the most desirable manner, and that her method is free from almost all faults with which English singers are justly charged. It was not to be expected that the young aspirant for public honours would reach perfection on the occasion of her first attempt; but while close scrutiny could not fail to detect certain deficiencies in Miss Soldene's performance there was so large an amount of intelligence in what she sang and acted, so full a measure of meaning in her look and motion, that all but the most sceptical must have felt that an artistic nature quite *hors ligne* was before them. In short, we have to congratulate Miss Soldene upon a very remarkable first appearance, the brilliant success of which, we have no doubt, will stimulate her to further exertions."—*Morning Post*, January 10th, 1865.

"It derived a special interest from the debut of Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Glover's pupil, who made her first appearance on any stage. She performed in character along with Mr. Swift, the scene in the second act of *Il Travatore*, between Azucena and Manrico, in which the gipsy woman reveals her terrible story. Miss Soldene made a sensible impression as an actress and a singer. Tall, handsome, and with striking features, her personation of the gipsy was complete; and when she had got over the nervousness attending a first appearance her action was surprisingly energetic and impassioned. It was, at times, somewhat violent and exaggerated; but this is a fault we are ready to excuse in a young performer, when it is the impulse of feeling not yet sufficiently subdued by the lessons of artistic experience. Her singing is still better than her acting. She has a superb contralto voice, full, mellow, and perfect in intonation. Her vocal declamation is clear and expressive, and her whole method is evidently the result of skilful instruction and well-directed study. Her reception was enthusiastic. At the conclusion she was called before the curtain, and greeted with renewed acclamations."—*Daily News*, January 10th, 1865.

"The great feature of the concert was, however, the introduction to the public of Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Glover's, in the arduous and trying character of Azucena. This lady, ably supported by Mr. Swift as Manrico, made a strong impression upon the audience by her great and unquestionable dramatic powers, and forcible rendering of a strong passion, both in look and gesture. Her voice, though rather limited in range and deficient of that ringing and penetrative quality which seems essential to a first-rate vocalist, has very great sweetness of tone, and has evidently been so carefully trained that she has perfect command over it. In a smaller house than Drury Lane we can imagine that Miss Soldene's style of acting would produce even a greater impression than it did yesterday, when, at the fall of the curtain, she was recalled amidst as hearty, genuine, and enthusiastic demonstrations of applause as ever greeted a debutante."—*Morning Advertiser*, January 10, 1865.

"Another interesting feature was the first appearance on the stage of Miss Emily Soldene, Mr. Glover's gifted and clever pupil, of whose talent we have spoken on more than one occasion in terms of no measured praise. Miss Soldene has one of the finest contralto voices that can now be heard, and she sings with a thorough knowledge of vocalisation. Few young singers, indeed, can boast of the same amount of musical acquirement, an acquirement without which no one can ever become a great artist. Of course Miss Soldene is new to the stage, but that she had studied acting everybody must have felt who saw her on Monday, and that she possesses the true dramatic instinct, no one can doubt for a moment. The character selected by this young aspirant for her preparatory stage essay, is, to our thinking, an unusually difficult one, being no other than Azucena in the *Travatore*, a part which many have attempted, and in which very few have succeeded. The second act only was given, but this involved nearly all the best music of the old gipsy, as our readers cannot fail to remember. Without entering into particulars we may say that a more remarkable debut, as a dramatic singer, than that of Miss Emily Soldene on Monday, at Drury Lane, we cannot recall. The young lady pleased and surprised all who heard and saw her. The duet with Manrico (Mr. Swift), 'Ma nell'alma dell'Ingrato,' was unanimously re-demanded, and Miss Soldene was summoned before the footlights with great enthusiasm twice at the conclusion."—*Standard*, January 13th, 1865.

"It afforded an opportunity for the first appearance on the lyric stage of Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, whose voice had been previously heard at these concerts, but who had never before attempted a dramatic impersonation. She appeared as Azucena in the scene with Manrico in the second act of the *Travatore*, and may be congratulated upon having made a most successful debut as an operatic singer. She possesses very considerable personal advantages, and to these are added obvious dramatic instinct and vocal skill. Her rendering of the music was inimitable; her rich contralto voice is an organ such as few contemporary singers possess; her intonation is faultless; her executive powers are considerable, and the pure Italian quality of her style reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Howard Glover's careful and skilful tuition. Her dramatic delineation of the gipsy was full of points of excellence; her acting needs a little of that toning down which practice and experience can alone effect, but it is evident that she will hold a very prominent rank among lyric artists. Miss Emily Soldene was called for at the end of the scene and greeted with very hearty applause, and there could be no question that her success was complete and most deserved."—*Morning Star*, January 11th, 1865.

The matinee, however, was marked by a debut which deserves some special notice. It is so seldom, indeed, that we find histrionic talent in our English vocalists, that we are bound to call attention to every instance in which a young singer evinces any capacity for acting. That Miss Emily Soldene, a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, has dramatic stage capability of a high order, was abundantly manifested in the long scene from *Il Travatore*, in which she, on this occasion, made her first appearance on any stage. That she possesses too, the physical advantages of a handsome face, and tall, well-proportioned figure, was sufficiently perceptible through the dusky disguise of Azucena. In voice she is almost equally well-gifted, and she has evidently been carefully trained."—*Daily Telegraph*, January 14th, 1865.

"Its most interesting feature was the debut of Mr. Glover's pupil, Miss Emily Soldene, who performed, along with Mr. Swift, the scene in the second act of the *Travatore* between Azucena and Manrico. In this scene, which affords great scope for impassioned acting as well as vocal power, Miss Soldene made a strong impression on the audience. She has a fine contralto voice, sings like an accomplished musician, and promises to become a lyrical tragedian of the first class."—*Illustrated London News*, January 14th, 1865.

"The great feature, however, of the entertainment was its opening portion, consisting of the second act of the *Travatore*, and the marked impression that was made in it by the debutante, Miss Emily Soldene. We have never witnessed a first appearance that was more eminently successful. In one respect, indeed, it was quite unique in our experience. Such entire self-possession and perfect command of all resources we have never before seen in a novice. Years of the severest application and of the most flattering success have failed to give many a singer and actress the great advantage which this young lady starts with. There was no difficulty, therefore, in accurately judging of her claims. We may say, without reserve, that she is marked by two distinctions. She possesses, in the first place, a very pleasing voice—a rather light mezzo-soprano—very full and agreeable in quality, if not remarkable for range—and she enjoys in the next place, and still more notably, an unusual amount of dramatic power. Indeed, her qualification in this respect is quite as striking and as extraordinary as that of her self-possession. In depth of feeling and force of expression she has some of the highest attributes of a tragic lyric artist, and certainly to an immeasurable extent beyond anything we have seen in an English singer for many years. What imagination she possesses we could only judge from an entire performance. Her vocal method, as well as her general musical efficiency, we need not say, are sufficiently vouched for by the reputation of her master. We are inclined, therefore, to augur highly of this young lady's future efforts. Certainly, if her development vocally and dramatically bears any relation to her outset, not only Mr. Glover, but our lyric stage, is to be congratulated on her first appearance."—*Weekly Dispatch*, January 15th, 1865.

"We have great pleasure in recording the complete success of Miss Emily Soldene who made her first appearance on any stage as Azucena, in the second act of *Il Travatore*. In the first place, while sincerely congratulating the young lady herself, upon the uncommon dramatic intelligence she possesses, a just tribute must be paid to Mr. Howard Glover, under whose able tuition Miss Soldene has been so well prepared for her future career, and by whom her talent has been so satisfactorily developed. The young debutante's exertions were received with loud applause, and her entrance into public life was an unusually promising one."—*Era*, Jan. 15, 1865.

"There were two special features in the programme, the one was the duet in character from the *Travatore*, sang by Miss Emily Soldene (Azucena), and Mr. Swift (Manrico). The new contralto revealed a dramatic instinct and power which bids fair to place her in a very high position in the lyric world. She is a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, who has reason to be as proud of her debut as the audience were evidently struck with her capabilities for the operatic stage."—*The Queen and Lady's Newspaper*, January 14th, 1865.

"Among so many established celebrities were some performers almost unknown to fame, but whose merits, for that very reason, need some description and encouraging praise. Foremost of these was Miss Emily Soldene, whose nature has gifted with a rich and beautiful voice. Ranging from E natural below the treble lines to B natural above them, it embraces the best registers of both contralto and soprano, and better still, is evenly good throughout; and Miss Emily Soldene's voice is not only voluminous in quality, but, what is very rare with such organs, flexible into the bargain, and in short quite *hors ligne*. The lady is, moreover, endowed with great musical sensibility, and strong feeling for dramatic expression. With such advantages, it will be strange indeed if she achieve not, presently, the highest eminence as a singer; though there may still be much (Miss Soldene is very young) for careful industry to accomplish.

On the present occasion, although she appeared very late in the programme, her fresh and lovely voice made a marked impression in Meyerbeer's *Nobil Signor*; while a very florid cadence at the end, extending over two octaves, showed that she had already considerable mechanical skill no less than great physical means. Miss Emily Soldene, who was materially aided by the masterly accompaniment of Mr. Benedict, was loudly applauded at the termination of her charming performance."—*Morning Post*, June 11th, 1864.

"Miss Emily Soldene, who is a pupil of Mr. Howard Glover, sang 'Non più mesta' so charmingly that she was enthusiastically recalled. She has a fresh and delightful voice and considerable executive power, and her style clearly shows that she is an artist from whom much may be looked for in the future."—*Morning Star*, Oct., 1864.

"Miss Emily Soldene (who is, we learn, a pupil of Mr. Glover's) is a young performer of very great merit, and gives promise of distinguished excellence. She sang the finale of the *Conventola*, 'Non più mesta,' with a beauty of voice and brilliancy of execution which produced a general call for its repetition—a call which she modestly refrained from complying with."—*Daily News*, October, 1864.

"Molière's 'O that my woes,' was sung by Mr. H. Glover's clever pupil, Miss Emily Soldene."—*The Times*, June, 1864.

All applications respecting engagements for Operas, Oratorios, or Concerts, to be addressed to Mr. HOWARD GLOVER, at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVIDSON'S Foreign Music Warehouse, 244, Regent Street.